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The Perfect Date



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Chapter 1 by That Girl

Everyone always dreams of how their first date will be.

Who it's with. Where they'll go. What it will be like.

I know I thought about them...

My first date was NOT perfect, by any means of definition.

If anything... It was an absolute DISASTER!

My first date also wasn't with who I had so badly dreamed it would be with.

My first date was with the school jock. And the only reason he had asked me to go on a date with him, was to get his ex-girlfriend jealous.

I ended up with a broken nose that night.

Chapter 2 by Sun Johnson

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My ex-girlfriend, Clarissa, had as I thought, she'd be a genius. Instead, she made me look like a fool. In addition, she also defines the

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word "jealous"? She didn't like the fact that I dumped her--she assumed it was for another girl--and she's made my life miserable ever since.

After three weeks of the non-stop texts, facebook stalking, and glares wherever I went in school, I figured it was time to get her off my back. I pulled my three best friends--Matt, Ryan, and Josh--aside, and we figured out a plan: I go on a date with a *different* girl. I mean, Clarissa already figures I was cheating, so why not, right? But it couldn't just be *any* girl. It had to be one that I would never, *ever* in a million years go out with.

We dug out our yearbooks from last year, and flipped through them, picking out the girls we'd really rather not be seen with.

After about half an hour, we found the perfect girl: Jennifer Chauser.

I won't waste time describing her. I'll just say that when I asked her out at lunch—right where Clarissa could see me—I felt even more nervous than last fall, when I quarterbacked the state finals game, and we were down by five, at third and twenty with less than a minute on the clock .

She wouldn't even look at me. *That* was embarrassing enough. But then, when I finally talked her into saying "yes," I wish I hadn't. And boy, was date night the worst I'd ever been on.

And it was entirely my fault.

Chapter 3 by That Girl



Jennifer's POV:

"Are you okay?" asked a very polite woman who looked a few years older than me.

"Yes ma'am, I'm okay. Though I think my nose might be broken." My voice sounded strange because I was clamping my nose shut to try and stop the bleeding.

I got up off the ground, grabbed my clutch, and went to the restroom. The woman had helped me off the ground, and guided us

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"Your name?"

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"Mario?" I replied.

"I'm Charlie. Do you want me to call someone for you?" She questioned with concern in her eyes. "I will if you want me to. I saw what that girl did to you and then that boy just left."

"Thank you, but I'm just going to message my mom, and let her know to come pick me up. And yeah, he was just using me. What an amazing first date!" I said with a sarcastic tone.

"I'm so sorry, hun. I remember my first date wasn't all too swooft either. How old are you?"

"I'm going on 18." She raised her eyebrows in surprise, so I continued. "I know. It's sad that I'm just now having my first date, but I never go out much. I was home-schooled until my freshman year, and kind of kept in the shadows. My best friend wanted me to get out there, so she cut and dyed my hair, taught me how to apply more than just a little bit of mascara, and introduced me to Tristian."

"Was that the boy?" Charlie asked.

"Yes, that's Tristian. He's a real dick if you ask me, but I didn't want to tell that to my best friend. It is her brother after all." I replied.

She nodded curtly, and the conversation ended. The bleeding finally stopped and I thank her for helping me.

Before I left the bathroom, she grabbed my wrist, and I turned to face her still holding the bridge of my nose, just in case. "Here, let me give you my number just in case you ever need someone to talk to. Oh, and don't ever let someone treat you like shit. You'll find someone who is truly worth your time, and then that 'first date' will be the best you will ever have."

I typed her number in my phone and then smiled at her and said, "Thank you so much, Charlie. It means a lot." She nodded in response, then we both left the bathroom

Chapter 4 by Fanwizard



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"Shut up, you jerk!" Clarissa sneered. "You were cheating on me with another girl-"

"Would you just get over it, creep?" I demanded. "I don't know what I ever saw in you."

At this, Clarissa's cheeks flushed pink, and she slapped my face. It stung for a few seconds, but I had much worse injuries than an angry and jealous ex-girlfriend.

"Mark my words," Clarissa hissed. "Your life will be miserable, and I'll make sure *that girl's* life is miserable as well. You will be sorry that you broke up with me."

Clarissa slapped my face again, gave me one more cold glare, and headed to her car.

"And Tristan? Enjoy your life," Clarissa's car door slammed, and she peeled out of the parking lot.

Chapter 5 by Tea



Jennifer

"Hey! Jennifer! Slow down!" Tristan said as he was trying to catch up with her.

"What do you want?" She yelled in his face.

"I wanted to say that i am sorry for using you and it was wrong of me!" He said in a very apologetic way.

".....i don't know what to say!" She said.

"Just say that everything is cool with us." He replied.

"I'll think about it!" she said and with that she left.

Tristan stood there and watched her walk away.

After that Jennifer went home and when she got there she ran straight to her room and jumped on her bed and cried herself to sleep. That was the most embarrassing day of Jennifer's life.

The next morning she woke up and her dad called her down and said there's someone at the front door for you. She went downstairs and to the door.

To her surprise it was Clarissa. Jennifer stepped outside and closed the door and walked down the driveway.

"What do you want?" She said snappy.

"I wanted to come over here and say that you need to stay away from Tristan far away otherwise I'll make your life miserable!" Clarissa told Jennifer and then starred her down.

"I can do what i want!" Jennifer yelled back.

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Chapter 6 by Diamond



Tristan's P.O.V

"I couldn't not have screwed up as bad as I did yesterday." I told Josh.

"Oh, you probably didn't get a kiss at the end of it all. What a downer." Matt rolled his eyes as Ryan snickered.

"No, as much as I minded that, Clarissa decided to punch her in the nose." I sighed.

"Savage, bro! Why would you leave a girl with a mean punch?" Ryan looked awe-inspired.

"First, she is ugly. Not all blondies are hot like you dumbwits believe." I couldn't believe I was telling them this. "And I honestly, hands down, can say that I like-"

"Hey, Tristan." Jennifer interrupted us.

"Hello, sweetcheeks." I winked.

"Stuff it." She snarled before sighing. "Clarissa wants me to stay away from you. She's gonna snitch on me unless I don't."

"Your point is....?" I must've been the stupidest person for not understanding.

"I think we should stay away from each other. I mean, you are not even that hot....plus, I bet I could find a real guy." She added.

"Well, baby doll. Just cause you said all that, I'm gonna make sure you fall for me." I grinned.

"Well, be ready to fall really hard." She narrowed her eyes before kicking me in the kiwis. I bent over as she strutted off and my friends snickered.

Chapter 7 by BoredChild



Jessica's POV

He deserved it. He absolutely deserved it. I regret nothing.

Tristan's POV

I deserved that.

I watch Jessica's faded converse walk away from the floor. My "friends" continued to laugh at me without bothering to help me up.

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Jessica's POV

It was hard to interrupt the conversation I overheard the guys having. But I was afraid to hear what I thought Tristan was going to say. I actually thought he may be a decent guy. He's cute too. Not the brightest crayon in the box but funny.

I really don't like Clarissa. She is insane for thinking I would've dated anyone while they were obviously with someone else. I don't think Tristan likes her either.

Tristan's POV

Ok I admit it. I like Jessica. The reason I picked her to ask out is cause I already liked her for a little while. Especially having her around all the time while she hanging around my sister. She's really smart. She's pretty too, even if my friends call her plain. Best of all, she doesn't put on a thick mask of make-up like Clarissa.

That is it. I get up and try not to hunch from the pain in my groin. I go over to Clarissa and tell her, "We need to talk." She raises one perfectly waxed and penciled eyebrow at me. "Now," I say.

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